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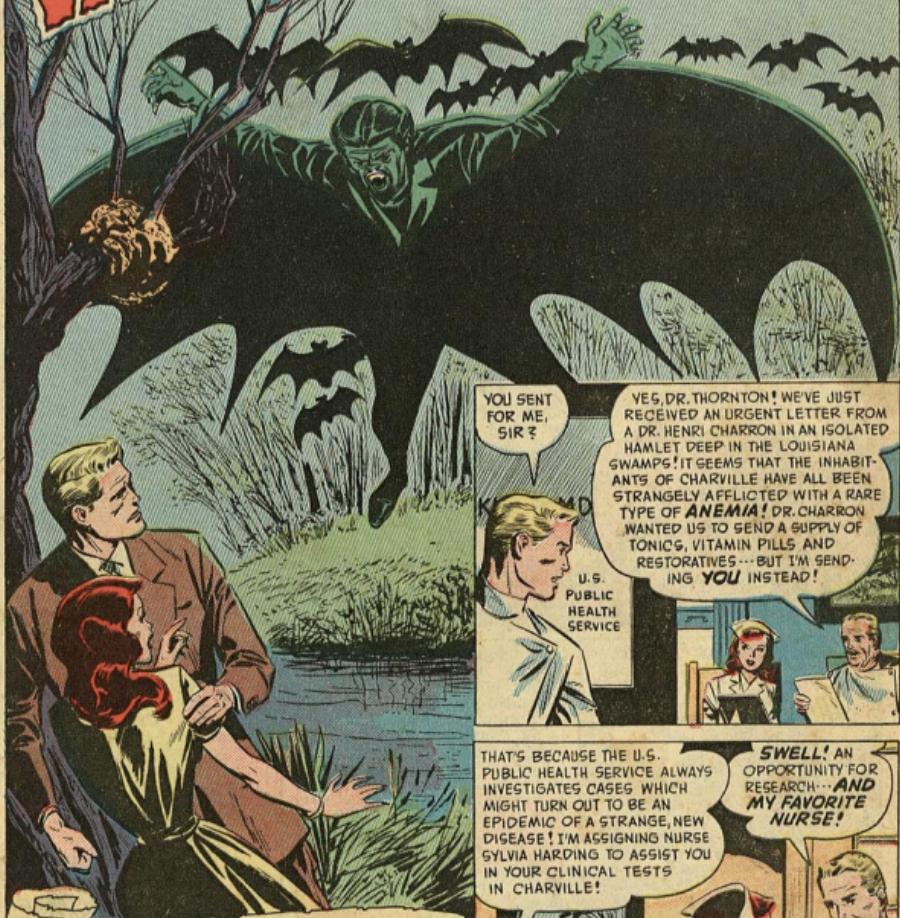
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The VAMPIRE SHOOPS



DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, MEN HAVE THRILLED TO STRANGE TALES OF THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN! NONE IS STRANGER, HOWEVER, THAN THE WEIRD LEGEND OF THE VAMPIRE! HERE'S A STORY ABOUT VAMPIRES--AND IT'S A STORY SUCH AS YOU'VE NEVER READ! TURN THE LIGHTS DOWN LOW AS YOU SCAN THESE PAGES--AND LEARN HOW MODERN SCIENCE MET A GRIM, SUPERNATURAL SCIENCE--AND WON OUT!



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HURRY BACK!
I... I DON'T
LIKE BEING
ALONE IN
THIS CREEPY
OLD HOUSE!

I DON'T SUPPOSE CHARRON
WOULD LIKE THE IDEA OF MY
BORROWING HIS HORSE... BUT
I'VE GOT TO GET TO A TELEPHONE
AS FAST AS I CAN! SYLVIA OUGHT
TO BE SAFE WHILE I'M GONE...
BECAUSE **BATS DON'T FLY
DURING THE DAYTIME!**



HELLO, CHIEF?... THIS IS THORNTON... I'M CALLING YOU ON A MATTER OF GREAT URGENCY! I'D LIKE YOU TO FIND OUT IF THERE'S A **DR. HENRI CHARRON** LISTED IN THE INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY OF PHYSICIANS... AND IF HE'S NOT, SEE IF THERE'S ANY RECORD OF THAT NAME IN ANY OF THE NATURALISTS' ENCYCLOPEDIAS FOR THE LAST TWO CENTURIES! I'LL HOLD ON FOR YOUR ANSWER!



BUT HE
DIDN'T
DIE, CHIEF!
LISTEN...
HERE'S WHAT
YOU'VE GOT
TO DO...





"THREE DAYS LATER, IN A SLEEPY LOUISIANA TOWN ON THE EDGE OF THE SWAMPS..."

IS THIS CHARVILLE, HOWARD? IT'S NOTHING BUT A DROOPY OLD ONE-HORSE TOWN!

THIS IS JUST THE NEAREST RAILROAD STATION ... CHARVILLE IS FAR SMALLER THAN THIS! IT'S ABOUT A DOZEN MILES INTO THE SWAMP, RIGHT IN THE HEART OF THE BAYOU COUNTRY--BUT WE CAN GET TO IT IN THAT HACK OVER THERE!



TAKE YUH TUH CHARVILLE? WHY, I WOULDN'T GO THAR FOR EVERY DOLLAR IN THE WORLD! NO ONE IN THESE PARTS HAS DARED SET FOOT IN THAT SWAMP FEW OVER A CENTURY--BUT IF YUH'RE PLUMB CRAZY ENOUGH TUH WANT TUH GO--THAR'S THE ROAD!

THANKS FOR THE SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY, FRIEND! COME ON, SYLVIA-- LET'S START WALKING!



THEN, INTO THE DISMAL, FORBIDDING SWAMPS! INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE GREAT BAYOU COUNTRY--HOME OF THE STRANGE ... THE EERIE ... THE UNKNOWN!

IT'S DISMAL ... SCARY! MAYBE THE PEOPLE AROUND HERE ARE **RIGHT** IN BEING SO TERROR-STRICKEN ABOUT CHARVILLE AND THE SWAMPS! WHO KNOWS WHATS LURKING BEHIND THESE THICKETS?

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE LETTING SOME SILLY LOCAL SUPERSTITIONS GET UNDER YOUR SKIN! WE'VE GOT TO GO ON--IT'S OUR DUTY TO HELP THE PEOPLE OF CHARVILLE!



ON AND ON, MILE AFTER WEARY MILE THROUGH THE MIST-SHROUDED BOGS! SUDDENLY ...

HOWARD ... I ... I JUST SAW A ... A BAT SWOOP DOWN OVER THAT TREE! AND ... AND IT WAS GREEN!

A GREEN BAT? IMPOSSIBLE ... THERE'S NO SUCH CREATURE, AS FAR AS I KNOW! IT MUST HAVE BEEN YOUR IMAGINAT-ION!



OH!

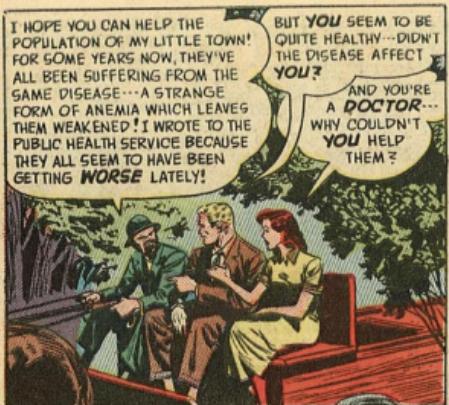
WHO ARE YOU ... AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING PROWLING AROUND HERE? ANSWER ME!

DON'T SHOUT AT US! I'M DR. HOWARD THORNTON OF THE U.S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE! WE WERE ASSIGNED TO INVESTIGATE HEALTH CONDITIONS IN CHARVILLE AFTER A DR. CHARRON WROTE ASKING US ...

WHAT? BUT I DIDN'T ASK FOR ANY DOCTOR! I MERELY WANTED THEM TO SEND ME MEDICAL SUPPLIES SO THAT...

AH, FORGIVE ME FOR MY OUTBURST ... I'VE LIVED FOR SO MANY YEARS IN THE SWAMPS THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN MY MANNERS! I AM DR. HENRI CHARRON--AND I'M DELIGHTED TO WELCOME YOU TO CHARVILLE! COME ... MY CARRIAGE IS JUST BEYOND THIS THICKET!





BUT YOU SEEM TO BE QUITE HEALTHY--DIDN'T THE DISEASE AFFECT YOU?
AND YOU'RE A DOCTOR... WHY COULDN'T YOU HELP THEM?





WHAT...HE'S BEEN THREATENING THE VILLAGERS FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE... CHARRON COULDN'T BE THAT OLD!

BUT HE IS! ACCORDING TO THE OLD LEGENDS, DR. CHARRON CAME HERE AND FOUNDED CHARVILLE IN 1830... AND HE'S NOW 170 YEARS OLD! HE'S IN LEAGUE WITH THE POWERS OF EVIL DARKNESS! HE AND HIS GREEN DEVILS WILL LIVE FOREVER...AS LONG AS THEY HAVE US TO PREY ON!

SHE...SHE ACTUALLY BELIEVES WHAT SHE'S SAYING...SHE'S MAD! APPARENTLY THIS STRANGE DISEASE HAS AFFECTION THEIR MINDS...I'LL HAVE TO HUMOR HER!

YES, YES, OF COURSE CHARRON IS 170 YEARS OLD...MAYBE WE'LL HAVE A BIG BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR HIM TOMORROW...WITH 170 CANDLES! I...I'M KIND OF SLEEPY...SEE YOU ALL IN THE MORNING!



GREAT GUNS...WHAT A HORDE OF **BATS** FLAPPING AROUND THAT OPEN WINDOW... WAIT! THAT'S THE WINDOW TO SYLVIA'S ROOM!

AND THAT HUGE ONE...IT...IT'S FLYING INTO HER ROOM! I...I'VE GOT TO GET UP THERE...FAST!



IT'S FEAR THAT POUNDS AT DR. HOWARD THORNTON'S HEART...FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN! AND WITHIN SYLVIA'S CHAMBER...AN UNHOLY SIGHT!

GREAT...HEAVENS!



A WHIRRING SOUND FILLS THE ROOM...A RUSH OF WINGS THAT FANS THE SUDDENLY FETID AIR...AND...

IT...IT FLEW AWAY...
WHATEVER IT WAS!
BUT SYLVIA...SHE'S LYING THERE SO
STILL...AS IF...



THANK GOSH...HER PULSE IS SLOW, BUT STEADY...SHE JUST SEEKS TO BE IN AN UNUSUALLY DEEP SLEEP! BUT SHE LOOKS SO...SO PALE...SO DRAWN...WAIT...THOSE MARKS ON HER THROAT!

BUT LATELY MY VAMPIRE HORDES GREW TOO NUMEROUS, WHILE THIS GENERATION OF VILLAGERS WASTED AWAY! I CALLED UPON THE U.G. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICES FOR RESTORATIVES FOR OUR VICTIMS! I NEVER DREAMED THEY WOULD SEND A **DOCTOR** DOWN HERE...AND NOW THAT I MUST KILL YOU TO KEEP MY SECRET, I MUST ALSO DESTROY THE WHOLE VILLAGE...FOR SEARCH PARTIES WILL SURELY COME TO INVESTIGATE YOUR DIS-APPEARANCE!

TONIGHT, AFTER OUR WORK IS DONE, I AND MY VAMPIRES WILL FLY TO ANOTHER ISOLATED AREA, TO FIND **ANOTHER** CHARVILLE...AND STOCK IT WITH **OTHER** PREY! FAREWELL, MORTALS...WE MEET AGAIN AT DUSK!

OH, HOWARD...WHAT'LL WE DO?

JUST WAIT AND PRAY...AND WATCH THE SKIES!

AFTER HOURS OF TENSE WAITING...

LOOK! THAT PLANE...IT...IT'S FLYING OVER US SO LOW!

YES, AND IF IT'S THE PLANE I THINK IT IS, IT'LL SOON BE DROPPING US A PRESENT!

IT DROPPED A PARACHUTE! WHAT'S IN THAT BOX?

NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS NOW! GO TELL ALL THE VILLAGERS TO GET OUT HERE...IN A HURRY!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

HOWARD...I GOT THEM OUT! THEY'RE ALL HERE!

GOOD! AND MY LITTLE DE-
VICE IS ALL HERE...
READY FOR ACTION!

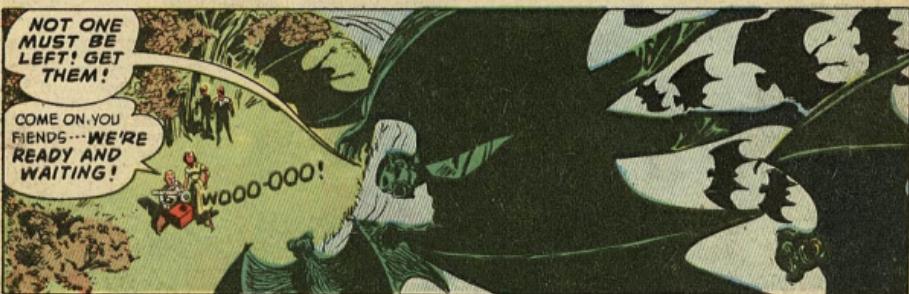
LISTEN TO ME...ALL OF YOU... YOUR VERY LIVES DEPEND ON IT! YOU'RE ALL LEAVING CHARVILLE, FOR **GOOD**! YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID OF CHARRON'S VENGEANCE... BECAUSE I HAVE A DEVICE HERE THAT CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM! IF YOU STAY HERE, HE'LL KILL YOU ALL! WE MUST GO TO A SMALL ISLAND JUST ABOUT LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD ALL OF US...AND PREFERABLY IN A **QUICKSAND** AREA! AYE... IS THERE SUCH A PLACE NEAR HERE?

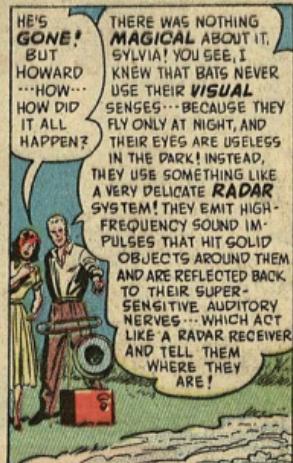
GET THERE JUST BEFORE DUSK! I, FOR ONE, WILL GO WITH YOU!

WE'LL ALL GO...ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN THIS LIVING DEATH! TO THE BOATS, VILLAGERS!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT!







"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS

JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"AFTER THE
ATOM SPIES"



JEEPERS, ROYAL-- THOSE
MEN IN THE CAR
SHOT THE ATOMIC
PLANT GUARDS!

AS THE MYSTERIOUS CAR SPEEDS
AWAY, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND
BIKE CLUB BOYS GO INTO ACTION!

BOB, YOU LOOK AFTER
THOSE GUARDS, WHILE
TOM NOTIFIES THE
F.B.I. I'M TAKING
OFF AFTER THAT CAR!

SOON, INSIDE THE CAR...

HEY, SOME GUY
ON A BIKE IS
FOLLOWING
US! SHOULD
I PLUG HIM?

NAH... SAVE YOUR
BULLETS, MUGSY
... WE'LL LOSE
HIM-- WE'RE
DOING 60 NOW!

ROYAL FEEDS A SPECIAL CHEMICAL
INTO HIS JET-ENGINE... STREAKS
AHEAD OF THE SPEEDING CAR
AND BLANKETS THE ROAD WITH
A THICK, BLACK JET EXHAUST!

WELL, THEY DIDN'T GET VERY
FAR WITH THE STOLEN ATOMIC
FORMULA-- THANKS TO YOUR
TERRIFIC SPEED AND
ROYAL'S SMOKESCREEN!

LOOKS LIKE OUR
U.S. ROYALS SAVED
THE DAY AGAIN!

DROP THAT GUN,
BUD... YOU WON'T
NEED IT WHERE
YOU'RE GOING!

FELLAS, FOR SPLIT-SECOND STOPS...
FIRM FOOTING... MORE MILEAGE... AND
PERFECT CONTROL-- YOU CAN'T BEAT
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR
SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN
TRY THEM AND SEE.



"YOU CAN RIDE WITH SAFETY--
WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S.
ROYALS, WITH THE BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN... SAYS U.S. ROYAL.

© 1954 U.S. ROYAL

NO WEATHER'S TOO ROUGH, NO
ROADS ARE TOO TOUGH-- WHEN
YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES, WITH THE SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. BE SAFE...
GET U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



INHUMAN HUMANS

"**I**T'S fantastic...unbelievable!" Charles Waverly muttered, wiping the cold sweat away from his forehead. "But it's all here, in black and white---in Dr. Jorgensen's secret files! And it all fits in---now I'm beginning to understand it all..."

Yes, the pieces were beginning to fit together in Charles Waverly's mind. Now he knew the reason why Dr. Jorgensen's biological laboratory was deep in the Michigan Northwoods...why Jorgie never allowed anyone but himself to enter the vaulted, inner labs...why Charles and all the other chemists, physiologists and geneticists all had hazy memories of their past.

Jorgie had told them that when he first hired them fresh from their universities, they had willingly subjected themselves to a special injection that stepped up their intelligence more than tenfold---but that had the unfortunate effect of blotting out all non-scientific memories from infancy on. It had all seemed plausible to them, and Jorgie had gotten them all to admit that their memories were but a minor sacrifice for the great scientific cause they were working on. No one had ever complained---they had all worked ten and twelve hours a day in the labs, aiding Jorgie's great researches into the causes and origins of life itself.

But yesterday had brought the first real change in their routinized lives in years---for their beloved Jorgie had died suddenly of a heart attack. With his dying words, he had told Charles Waverly to take charge of all the labs---and with his dying effort, he had given him the keys to all the secret files and vaults.

Charles had known that Jorgie would have wanted him to plunge into his new duties immediately, without wasting any time in mourning---and so only an hour ago, Charles had started going through the files which no eyes but Jorgie's had ever seen before. And what he had found was *fantastic...unbelievable...*

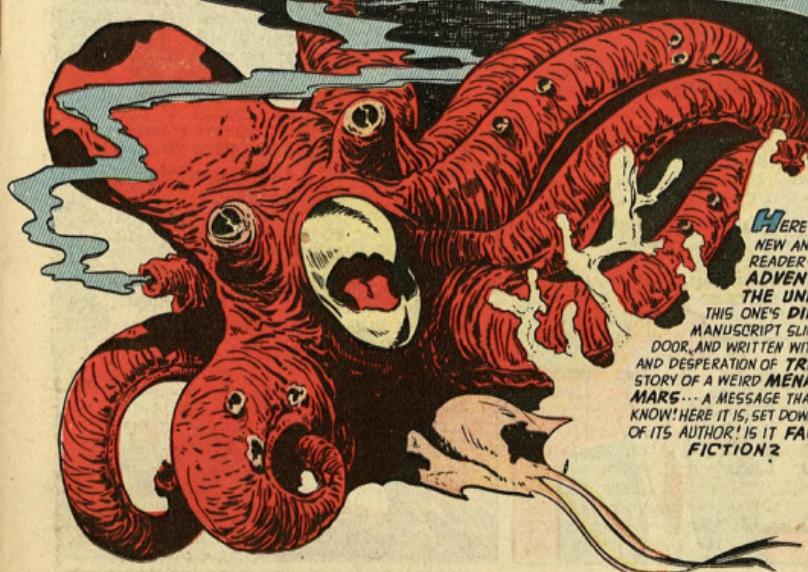
Thirty years ago, the files revealed, Dr. Jorgensen had discovered the secret of creating protoplasm---of creating life! With his vast knowledge, he had started electronic breeders and incubators for the production of *artificial humans*---and had been successful! But Jorgie had been afraid to inform the world of his discoveries until he could be sure his humans would not grow into freaks and monstrosities. And then, when his specimens had matured normally in the incubators, he had subjected their unconscious minds to almost all the scientific lore at his command---and had removed them from the machines to see if they would act and think as humans. After subjecting them to hundreds of psychological tests, he had found that they were normal in all respects---except that they had a strange pathological need to feel that they were all average normal humans, born of human parents.

And because Jorgie feared his creations would go insane if he told them they weren't really human, he had never revealed his secret to them or to the world.

With mounting horror, Charles Waverly glanced down the list of names of *artificial humans*---Harold Arlen---John Crawford---Jules Hyatt---Leonard Marx---all of them his colleagues and friends---and all of them horribly inhuman! A sudden catastrophic thought hit Charles---what if he---? But no---he, Charles Waverly, had to be human---or else Jorgie would never have put him in charge of the labs! Realizing that he could never bear being a...an *artificial, inhuman thing*, Charles breathed a sigh of relief and went on reading the names of the specimens. Donald Robinson...Leo Thomas...Charles Waverly!

Instantly, it seemed as if a rag-ing inferno had consumed Charles Waverly's brain, and with the cunning born of madness, he suddenly knew just how he would blow up the labs and all their inhuman creations.

MENACE from MARS



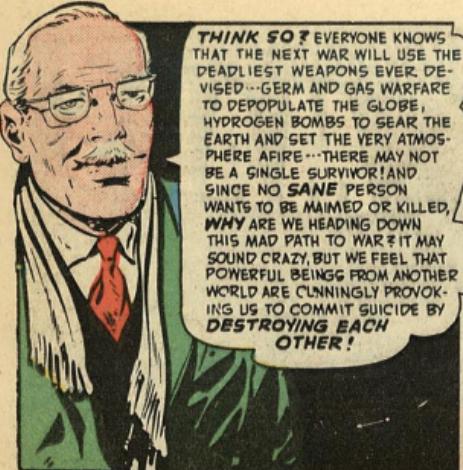
HERE'S SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE, READER...TRULY AN ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN! BUT THIS ONE'S DIFFERENT...A MANUSCRIPT SLIPPED UNDER OUR DOOR, AND WRITTEN WITH ALL THE FEVER AND DESPERATION OF TRUTH! IT'S THE STORY OF A WEIRD MENACE FROM MARS... A MESSAGE THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW! HERE IT IS, SET DOWN IN THE WORDS OF ITS AUTHOR! IS IT FACT... OR FICTION?

STOP! DON'T TURN THIS PAGE WITHOUT LISTENING TO MY STORY... **YOUR VERY LIFE MAY DEPEND ON IT!** IT'LL BE THE STRANGEST TALE YOU'VE EVER HEARD, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO READ THIS... YOU'VE GOT TO... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE AND THERE'S NO ONE LEFT ALIVE FOR ME TO WARN! IF IT'LL HELP YOU BELIEVE ME, I'M LARRY GARNER, ACE PRIVATE DETECTIVE, AND IT ALL STARTED THE DAY THE HEAD OF THE UNITED FOUNDATION FOR WORLD PEACE CALLED ME...



MR. GARNER, I PICKED YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE BEST UNDERCOVER INVESTIGATOR IN THE COUNTRY! I WANT TO WARN YOU, THOUGH... THIS WILL BE THE WEIRDEST CASE OF YOUR CAREER... **OF ALL TIME!** WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I TOLD YOU WE SUSPECT THAT THERE ARE STRANGE, OTHER-WORLDLY FORCES... POWERS FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN... THAT ARE INSIDIOUSLY TRYING TO PROVOKE A **THIRD WORLD WAR**... A WAR THAT WILL KILL OFF EVERY LIVING HUMAN?





THINK SO? EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THE NEXT WAR WILL USE THE DEADLIEST WEAPONS EVER DEVISED---GERM AND GAS WARFARE TO DEPOPULATE THE GLOBE, HYDROGEN BOMBS TO SEAR THE EARTH AND SET THE VERY ATMOSPHERE AFIRE---THERE MAY NOT BE A SINGLE SURVIVOR! AND SINCE NO SANE PERSON WANTS TO BE MAIMED OR KILLED, **WHY** ARE WE HEADING DOWN THIS MAD PATH TO WAR? IT MAY SOUND CRAZY, BUT WE FEEL THAT POWERFUL BEINGS FROM ANOTHER WORLD ARE CUNNINGLY PROVOKING US TO COMMIT SUICIDE BY **DESTROYING EACH OTHER!**



ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY THEY WANT US KILLED OFF SO THAT **THEY** CAN TAKE OVER ALL OF EARTH? EVEN IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, HOW WOULD I GO ABOUT FINDING ANY OF THESE UNKNOWN CREATURES?

WE'VE GOT ONLY ONE LEAD---A VERY SLIM ONE! WE KEEP TABS ON MANY OF THE WAR-MONGERING AGITATORS---AND EACH TIME WE'VE SENT A MAN OUT TO ATTEND THE MEETINGS OF THE LEAGUE TO DEFEND CIVILIZATION, RUN BY A FANATIC NAMED HAMILTON BROWNE, OUR AGENT HAS STRANGELY FAILED US!

INSTEAD OF TRYING TO PERSUADE BROWNE'S AUDIENCE THAT WAR IS SUICIDE, OUR MAN ALWAYS COMES BACK TO TELL US THAT HE IS **ABANDONING OUR CAUSE**---BECAUSE HE'S BECOME CONVINCED THAT ONLY AN IMMEDIATE **WAR** CAN SAVE CIVILIZATION FROM THE FORCES OF BARBARISM!

YOU THINK YOUR AGENTS MIGHT HAVE BEEN INFLUENCED BY THESE STRANGE OTHER-WORLDLY POWERS, EH? HMM... I THINK I'LL ATTEND ONE OF MR. HAMILTON BROWNE'S MEETINGS!



28 LEARNED THAT BROWNE WAS HOLDING A STREET CORNER MEETING THAT VERY NIGHT! RITA, MY PRETTY SECRETARY AND FIANCÉE, ACCOMPANIED ME....

...AND I SAY TO YOU---THE ONLY WAY WE CAN SAVE OUR LIVES AND OUR CIVILIZATION IS TO DROP OUR MOST POWERFUL ATOMIC BOMBS ON **ALL** OUR POTENTIAL ENEMIES... **NOW!** DESTROY THEM ALL---BEFORE THEY DESTROY US!

ALL RIGHT, RITA... ASK HIM THAT QUESTION I COACHED YOU ON!



WAIT! DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT OUR ATTACK WILL BRING IMMEDIATE RETALIATION---THAT **WE'LL BE ATOM-BOMBED IN RETURN**? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT THE ONLY WAY TO PEACE IS BY DISARMAMENT AND BY A STRONG WORLD GOVERNMENT?

AH, A HECKLER! BUT YOU CAN'T MEAN WHAT YOU SAY! I'LL WAGER YOU CAN'T LOOK ME IN THE EYE AND SWEAR THAT YOU BELIEVE THAT NONSENSE YOU JUST SPOKE! LOOK AT ME!



YOU SEE... YOU DON'T **REALLY** BELIEVE IN THE FOLLY OF DISARMAMENT---YOU BELIEVE IN AN IMMEDIATE HOLY CRUSADE OF **WAR**! SAY IT... SAY IT!

I... I... GREAT SCOTT... SHE LOOKS AS IF SHE'S BEING HYPNOTIZED!





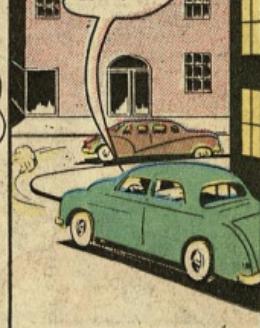
THERE **ARE** STRANGE FORCES AT
WORK HERE--ONLY SOME POWERFUL
SPELL COULD MAKE HER SAY THAT
TO ME! THAT BROWNE BUZZARD...
I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!

AFTER THE MEETING ...

...SO YOU SEE, WE WERE BOTH SO CON-
VINCED BY YOUR SPEECH THAT WE
WANT TO OFFER OUR HUMBLE SERVICES
TO YOUR GREAT CRUSADE FOR WAR!

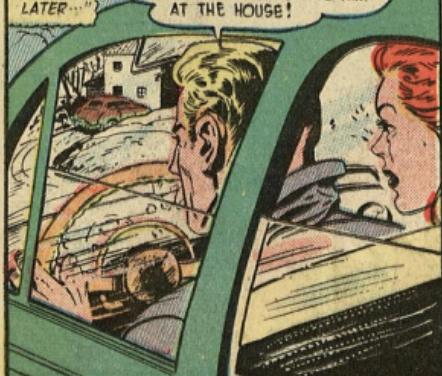


WE'VE **GOT** TO HELP
HIM, RITA--EVEN IF HE
DOESN'T THINK HE NEEDS
IT! COME ON--**LET'S**
**FOLLOW HIS
CAR!**



**TWENTY
MINUTES
LATER...**

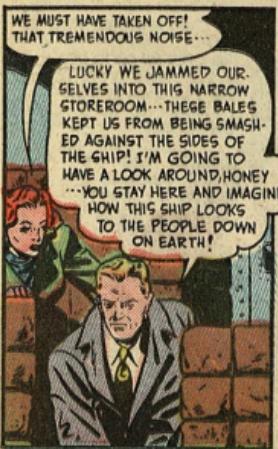
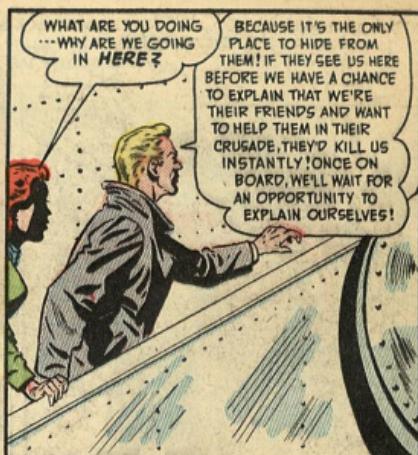
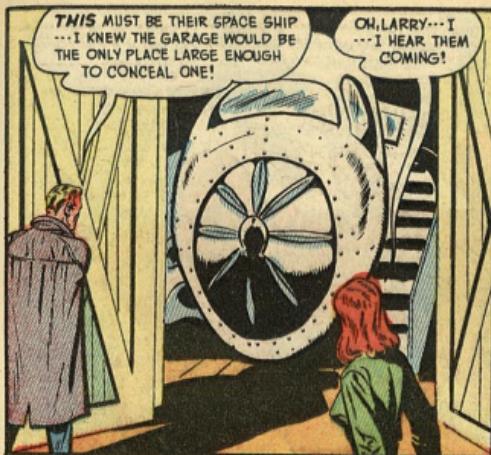
LUCKY WE TRAILED HIM WITH
OUR LIGHTS OUT! WE'LL PARK
HERE AND PAY A VISIT TO HIM
AT THE HOUSE!



BUT AS WE APPROACHED THE HOUSE... "MR. BROWNE
CAN'T SEE ANY-
ONE! TOO MANY OF
AMERICA'S ENEMIES
ARE TRYING TO ASSA-
LATE HIM
FOR HIS
GREAT
CRUSADE!"







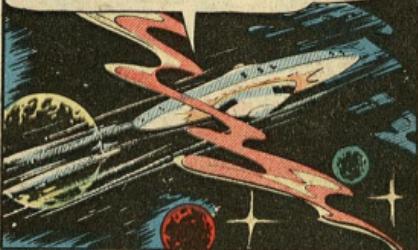




ITS LACK CAUSES THESE STRANGE SWELLINGS ON OUR BODIES... EVENTUALLY FATAL! BUT EVER SINCE OUR FIRST SPACE EXPLORERS BROUGHT BACK REPORTS THAT EARTH'S WATERS DIMINISH THESE SWELLINGS, I--PRINCE OF THE ZILS--HAVE BEEN IN CHARGE OF DEPOPULATING EARTH SO THAT WE COULD LIVE HERE!



FOR YEARS NOW, I'VE BEEN FERRYING OUR MARTIAN AGENTS IN HUMAN FORM TO YOUR PLANET, IN THE SO-CALLED FLYING SAUCERS--AND MANY HAVE GAINED POSITIONS OF TRUST IN THE GOVERNMENTS OF ALL THE POWERS! WE'RE CLOSE TO SUCCESS IN FOMENTING A THIRD WORLD WAR WHICH WILL DESTROY EVERY HUMAN--AND RIGHT NOW OUR ZILS, DISGUISED AS SCIENTISTS, ARE EVEN HELPING BOTH SIDES LEARN THE SECRETS OF THE HYDROGEN BOMB AND OF DEADLY NEW GASES!



YES, WE HELPED GIVE THE SECRET OF THE ATOMIC BOMB TO OPPONING POWERS, AND WHEN EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WEAPONS ARE USED IN THE NEXT WAR, NOT A GINGLE HUMAN WILL BE LEFT ALIVE TO RESIST THE MARTIAN INVASION! AS FOR YOU, I COULD KILL YOU NOW--BUT OUR SCIENTISTS MAY HAVE GREATER USE FOR YOU!

WELL, IF YOU WANT ME TO STAY ALIVE, YOU'D BETTER LET ME PATCH UP THIS CUT ON MY HEAD WITH THE FIRST-AID KIT I ALWAYS CARRY!

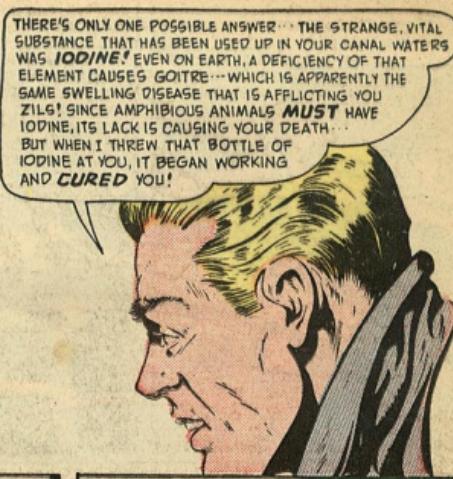


VERY WELL, BUT BE CAREFUL... I'M WATCHING YOU!

I JUST WANT TO TAKE OUT THIS BOTTLE OF IODINE...







"THEN, AFTER HOURS OF WHIRLING THROUGH SPACE AT SPEEDS TOO DAZZLING FOR THE HUMAN MIND..."

WE'RE ABOUT TO LAND... YOU'LL SOON BE HOME!

TAKE IT EASY ON THE LANDING, PRINCE... IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU, THERE WON'T BE ANYONE TO CALL OFF YOUR AGENTS! THEY'D CONTINUE THEIR WORK UNTIL THEY SUCCEEDED IN DESTROYING EVERY HUMAN!

BUT SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO THE PRINCE!

THE KING!

YES, I! I STOWED AWAY TO MAKE SURE THAT **NO ONE** REVOKES OUR AGENTS' ORDERS... SO THAT THEY WILL CONTINUE TO PROVOKE A WAR WHICH WILL LEAVE EARTH A SHAMBLES! AND WHEN I RETURN TO MARS WITH THE NEWS THAT THERE ARE NO LIVING BEINGS LEFT ON EARTH, NO ONE WILL OBJECT TO MY ADDING THE WHOLE PLANET TO MY POSSESSIONS! AND NOW, PRINCE, YOU DIE...

...AND I WILL TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS!

NEVER... NOT AS LONG AS I CAN THROW YOU OFF BALANCE BY DIVING THE SHIP!

THE CONTROLS... WE'RE CRASHING!

OH, NO... NO!

CRASH!

THEY... THEY'RE ALL DEAD! IT... IT'S AS IF THE FATES WANTED TO SAVE **ME**... FOR A **PURPOSE**! AND NOW THAT THE MARTIAN AGENTS **CAN'T** BE CALLED OFF, I KNOW WHAT THAT PURPOSE IS... I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO! I... I'VE GOT TO TRY TO TELL MY STORY TO THE PEOPLE... MAKE THEM LISTEN TO ME!

I KNOW MY STORY IS HARD TO BELIEVE! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME... YOU'VE GOT TO SEE THAT WAR MEANS SUICIDE FOR THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE! BEWARE ALL THOSE WHO PREACH WAR... THEY MAY BE MARTIANS IN DISGUISE! YOUR VERY LIFE IS AT STAKE UNLESS YOU WORK FOR **PEACE**... AND WHEN A PERMANENT PEACE IS FINALLY ACHIEVED, IT WON'T MATTER WHETHER MY STORY IS TRUE OR FALSE... IT WILL HAVE FULLFILLED ITS PURPOSE!

THE END!



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PORTRAIT from LIFE

ARTIST Tom Redfield angrily hurled his canvas across the studio and clenched his hands in despair. "I'm no good---I'll never be any good!" he shouted. "Nothing I draw seems to come to life---it's all flat, two-dimensional, dead! I...I'd give my soul to draw a single picture that would really seem to have life in it!"

Knock-knock!

Still angry, Tom stalked to the door and flung it open. "Yes?" he said to the tall, dark, saturnine man standing in the doorway. "What do you want?"

The swarthy man smiled apologetically. "Forgive me," he said in a strangely hollow voice, "I couldn't help overhearing your words as I passed in the hallway---and you're lucky that I did. I'm a traveling pedler, frequenting the artist's district, selling art supplies. I've just gotten rid of my entire stock---with the exception of one rare, imported pencil---and when I heard your fervent wish, I immediately knew that this pencil was made for you! Allow me to present it to you---as a gift!"

Tom suspiciously took the black pencil from the man and began examining the unfamiliar, cabalistic writing on its side. "What's this strange, foreign lettering on it?" he asked. "Where did you import it from?"

"From the...er, warmer regions! May it fulfill your artistic wishes!"

The man's voice seemed to be oddly fading away, and by the time Tom looked up from his examination of the pencil, the pedler was gone. Tom wondered how he could have gotten down the stairs so fast, but shrugged his shoulders and turned back to his studio. He knew the pedler was either a practical joker or a quack---but he felt strange-

ly impelled to try the new pencil out.

Sitting down at his drawing board, Tom began sketching in a self-portrait, frequently looking at the mirror in front of him as a guide.

Tom always started his portraits from the top, and by the time he completed the hair, he suddenly noticed that his hand, brushing against the paper, actually *felt* hair! Excited, he touched it more carefully---and there was no doubt about it---it had the texture, color and feel of *actual* hair---his hair!

Wonderingly, with a growing sense of triumph, Tom quickly sketched in eyes that instantly took on the glow and color of life...nostrils that seemed to quiver with lifelike excitement...lips that were moist with constant wetting...a chin that actually felt as bristly as a two-day-old-beard!

By this time, he was beside himself with exultation. Quickly sketching in a throat that seemed to throb with the very pulse of life, he drew the corded veins that were now tensely outlined on his own thin neck.

"Oops---made that vein too thick---I'll just erase it with the eraser on the other end of the pencil!"

Tom began rubbing vigorously with the eraser against the neck he had just drawn---and suddenly stopped, a look of horror on his face and a gurgling sound on his lips. The last sight his dying eyes took in was that of his reflection in the mirror---the reflection of a man with a deathly gash in his throat!

By the time Tom's lifeless body slumped to the floor, the tall, dark, saturnine man was in the room, ready to collect his pencil---and a human soul!

A NIGHT IN BLACK KNOLL

"THIS IS SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED TO ME...ON A NIGHT THAT WAS WARM AND STILL AND FILLED WITH THE CREEPING MISTS OF TERROR! WHAT I SAW, YOU'LL SEE HERE--THE ECHO OF WHAT I HEARD MAY THROB IN THE DARKNESS YOU TRY TO SHUT OUT... BUT BE THANKFUL YOU WEREN'T ALONE DURING A NIGHT IN BLACK KNOLL!"



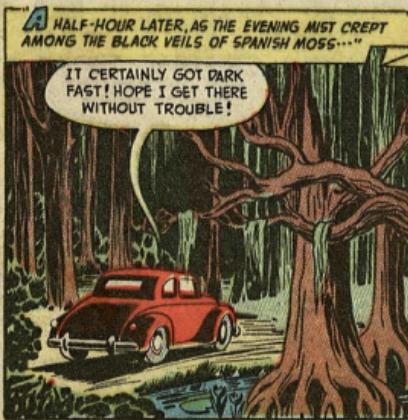
"IN THE SPRING OF 1950, I WAS A CENSUS TAKER -- ASSIGNED TO PALMETTO, THE ONLY SIZABLE TOWN IN THE CYPRESS SWAMP COUNTRY..."

I'VE FINISHED MY COUNT IN PALMETTO -- BUT ACCORDING TO THE OLD COUNTY RECORDS, THERE'S ONE SPOT THAT REMAINS TO BE TALLIED! CAN YOU TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT THAT GROUP OF HOUSES DEEP IN THE SWAMPLAND -- ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM TOWN?

I WOULDN'T BOTHER GOIN' THERE! ROAD'S BAD -- AND EVEN IF THEM HOUSES ARE STILL STANDIN', THEY'RE SCATTERED ALL OVER THE SWAMP!

TOWN SUPERVISOR





GET WHERE? THE ROAD SEEMED TO RUN ON AND ON, WITH NOTHING MORE DEFINITE THAN THE GROWING SHADOWS... A ROAD LEADING TO A PLACE WITHOUT A NAME... AND WITHOUT PEOPLE. SLOWLY THE DRONE OF NIGHT-FLYING BEETLES, THE RASPING CHANT OF FROGS AMID THE WHISPERING REEDS, AND THE STIR OF NAMELESS THINGS IN THE CLINGING GLOOM SEEMED TO JOIN IN A CHORUS... UTTERING A CADENCE THAT ROSE AND FELL FROM ALL SIDES!



"SUDDENLY, FROM FAR OFF, THERE WAS A DIFFERENT SOUND...A MUTED CRY THAT MINGLED HOPELESSNESS AND ANGUISH IN A SINGLE WELLING NOTE!"



"JUST A SOUND...BUT I FOUND MY HANDS CLAMMY AS I STARTED THE CAR!"

"STRANGE THAT I SHOULD GET JUMPY ABOUT THAT KIND OF NOISE! AFTER ALL, IT'S WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR... IT'S WHAT I EXPECTED TO FIND... A HUMAN VOICE!"



"I THOUGHT IT OVER AS I DROVE...THE BLACK-FRINGED CYPRESES FORMING AN ARCH OVER THE ROAD THAT WAS DARKER THAN THE NIGHT ITSELF!"

"THE TOWN SUPERVISOR WAS DEAD CERTAIN I WOULDN'T FIND PEOPLE OUT HERE...AND YET THAT YELL I HEARD DEFINITELY SHOWS HE'S WRONG! WHAT'S THE ANSWER?"



"AS IF A THOUSAND LISTENERS WERE VOICING A REPLY...STEADY AS THE THROB OF A GIGANTIC HEART..."



"IT WAS ALMOST A RELIEF, SOON AFTERWARD, TO FIND I WAS APPROACHING A HOUSE...A RICKETY HOUSE WITH A FEEBLE LIGHT GLEAMING IN THE WINDOW!"

"NOT MUCH OF A PLACE...BUT WITH THE REST OF THE HOUSES SCATTERED ALL OVER THE SWAMP, I MIGHT AS WELL SPEND THE NIGHT HERE!"



"MY HAND GROPED TOWARD THE DOOR--FOR A KNOCK THAT HAD THE MUFFLED THUD OF A HAMMER NAILING DOWN A COFFIN LID!"



"THEN THE DOORWAY YAWNED BEFORE ME LIKE THE PARTING OF A SHROUD...AND A FORM CONFRONTED ME, GAUNT AND GREY! WHILE THE SLENDER CANDLE FLAME QUIVERED AND WEADED...TRAPPED BY THE DARKNESS AROUND IT..."

"I'M SORRY I DISTURBED YOU...BUT I WAS HOPING I COULD GET A ROOM UNTIL MORNING!"





"SILENTLY, THEY TURNED TOWARD THE DOORWAY OF AN ADJOINING ROOM! I HEARD SOMETHING BEING MOVED INSIDE AS THEY GOT IT READY... AND IDLY PICKED UP A NEWSPAPER LYING ON THE TABLE! ONE GLANCE... AND I FELT THE BACK OF MY NECK CREEP UNDER A TOUCH OF DREAD!"

"TOLD MYSELF IT WAS PERFECTLY NATURAL TO FIND AN OLD NEWSPAPER IN A HOUSE LIKE THIS... EVERYTHING IN IT WAS OLD! AND YET I WONDERED AT MY RELUCTANCE TO TURN WHEN I HEARD THE DOOR OF THE CHAMBER OPENING AGAIN BEHIND ME!"

"THAT'S JUST WHAT I HADN'T SEEN... THEIR FACES... FACES THAT PEERED OVER THE DANCING CANDLE FLAME! YES, EVERYTHING IN THE HOUSE WAS OLD... BUT THAT COULDN'T EXPLAIN THESE FEATURES WITHERED AS A GRAVEYARD WREATH- FEATURES THAT STOPPED BEING OLD A LONG TIME AGO!"



"THE ROOM WAS READY... AND THE BLACK DOORWAY FACED ME WITH A WAITING STARE! BUT I COULDN'T STEAL MYSELF TO TAKE THE CANDLE FROM THE OLD MAN'S HAND... A HAND THAT MIGHT FEEL COLD... OR MIGHT NOT BE FELT AT ALL!"

"THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE BUT A BED... AND YET I SEEM TO SENSE SOMETHING ELSE! IT'S NOT IN MY MIND... IT'S A PRESENCE... IT'S DEATH!"



"AGAIN, THE NIGHT SEEMED TO GIVE ANSWER -- QUAVERING FROM THE LONG MILES OF MARSHLAND!"



"LISTENING TENSELY, I WAS CERTAIN THAT I COULD HEAR SOMETHING ELSE... A PANTING BREATH RASPING IN THE DARKNESS!"



"I TRIED TO SMILE AS THE SLOW GASPS FADED OFF... BUT MY EYES SHIFTED... STARING INTO NOTHING... AWARE OF SOMETHING!"



"ON THE NEXT SECOND, THE MURMURED WORDS FROZE ON MY LIPS... AND THE BLOOD FROZE IN MY VEINS!"



"A MINUTES LATER... LYING IN DARKNESS STIFLING AS WET BLACK FUR... I TRIED TO REASSURE MYSELF!"

"NO USE BROODING ABOUT IT... SO FAR, I HAVEN'T ACTUALLY PROVED THOSE OLD PEOPLE ARE GHOSTS... SO WHAT'S THERE TO BE AFRAID OF?"



"A SINGLE WORD PULSED THROUGH THE DARKNESS... BUT THIS TIME IT DIDN'T COME FROM THE CROAKING CREATURES OF THE SWAMP! THIS TIME IT WAS SPOKEN... SPOKEN IN TONES THAT HELD THE ECHO OF DAMP VAULTS AND MOLDERING EARTH!"



IS SHE TALKING TO ME? SHE SEEMS TO BE LOOKING AT SOMETHING ON THE FLOOR, NEAR THE BED...OR IS IT UNDER THE BED?

RISE...RISE! LETHA KNOWS THE WAY UNDER THE BLACK SKY...PAST THE BLACK POOLS...TO BLACK KNOLL!

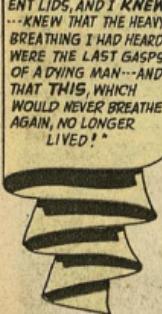
"SOMETHING MOVED LIKE A SLEEPER STIRRING... SOMETHING CLUMPED AGAINST THE FLOOR LIKE A LIFELESS LIMB..."

UNDER... THE BED!



ONE LOOK AT THE PALE EYEBALLS STARING OUT FROM BEHIND THE CLOSED, TRANSPARENT LIDS, AND I KNEW... I KNEW THAT THE HEAVY BREATHING I HAD HEARD WERE THE LAST GASPS OF A DYING MAN...AND THAT THIS, WHICH WOULD NEVER BREATHE AGAIN, NO LONGER LIVED!"

FOLLOW... FOLLOW! YOU CAME HERE AS A LAST REFUGE...YOU DIED HERE... AND YOU WILL STAY HERE FOREVER WITH THE LIVING DEAD OF BLACK KNOLL!



"MY FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO GET INTO MY CAR AND DRIVE AWAY... FORGETTING ALL I KNEW ABOUT BLACK KNOLL! BUT AFTER ALL..."

"I FELT THEIR DULL, GLAZED EYES UPON ME AS I ENTERED THE OUTER ROOM... WRAPPED IN THE HUSH OF ITS SPECTRAL SECRETS!"

WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT IT? HOW MANY QUESTIONS WILL PLAGUE MY MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS LIKE PHANTOMS FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE...UNLESS THEY'RE ANSWERED? INSIDE IS WHERE I MAY FIND THOSE ANSWERS... FROM THE CRINKLED PAGES OF A NEWSPAPER OVER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD...FROM THE CRINKLED LIPS OF PEOPLE WHO READ THAT PAPER THE DAY IT WAS PRINTED!



"I WATCHED FROM THE WINDOW AS THEY MOVED AMONG THE BROODING CYPRESSES...THE MORTALLY WOUNDED CONVICT WHO HAD FLED TO THE SWAMPS LIKE A HUNTED ANIMAL...AND LETHA, WHO HAD SOUGHT HIM OUT LIKE A HUNTING FIEND!"

THERE'S NO USE WONDERING NOW ABOUT THE WORD I HEARD CHANTED FROM THE INKY SWAMP WATER...THE WORD I KNEW WAS A NAME! LETHA MEANS DEATH... THE KING OF DEATH THAT CAN SOMETIMES PROWL THE NIGHT IN A GRISLY IMITATION OF LIFE!



"A MOMENT LATER...I FOUND WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR!"

"VIOLENT DEATH OF LETHA MICHAUX
ACCORDING TO A REPORT FROM THE CYPRESS SWAMP COUNTRY, LETHA MICHAUX WAS POISONED BY HER NEIGHBORS. SHE HAD TERRIFIED THE COUNTRYSIDE AS A CONJURE-WOMAN, ENSLAVING THE PEOPLE BY THREATENING THEM WITH CURSES. ON HER DEATHBED, THE VICTIM VOWED TO TAKE HER REVENGE IN THE AFTERLIFE... SAYING SHE WOULD CONTINUE FOREVER THE SPIRIT OF THOSE WHO DIED UNDER THE SHADOW OF NAMING MOSS.



"AS I FOLDED THE PAPER...I NOTICED A NAME WRITTEN AT THE TOP OF THE FIRST PAGE IN AN OLD-FASHIONED SCRIPT!"



"IT TOOK ALL MY COURAGE TO FACE
THINGS THAT SHOULD HAVE MOVED
WITH THE CLATTER OF WHITENED BONES
...BUT COULD I SUMMON THE COURAGE
TO FACE THE REST?"



"A WHIMPERING WIND STIRRED THE HAIRY MANTLES ON THE CYPRESSSES AS I DROVE THROUGH THE SWAMP... RUSTLING AMONG THE REEDS LIKE THE FOOTSTEPS OF THOSE WHO HAD DIED UNDER THE SHADOW OF HANGING MOSS!"



"A HALF-HOUR LATER... AS I REACHED THE TOP OF A LOW HILL..."



"NOW, WITH FINGERS OF MIST CURLING THROUGH THE RUSTED GATE, EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED SEEMED CRAZILY UNREAL... A HIDEOUS DREAM SPAWNED FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SWAMP... A FANTASY THAT WOULD GLINK OFF AT THE FIRST GREY STREAKS OF DAWN!"



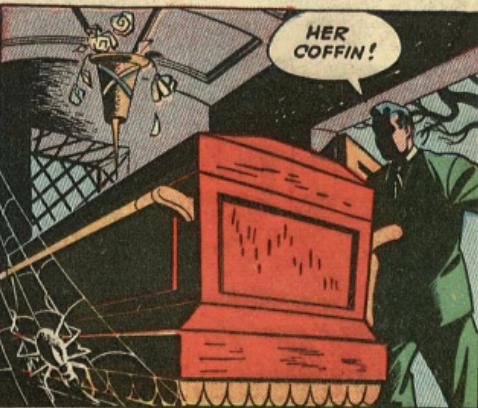
"NOPE... I CAN'T KID MYSELF! IT HAPPENED
AND I'M SCARED... BUT NOT SCARED ENOUGH
TO TURN AWAY FROM THE PROOF THAT'S
WAITING... IN LETHA'S TOMB!"



"A HUNDRED YEARS OF HOOING WINDS COULDN'T HAVE OPENED THE HEAVY BRONZE DOOR I FOUND AGLAR... NOTHING COULD HAVE OPENED IT... EXCEPT GROPING WHITE HANDS!"



"LIGHTING THE MOLDY CANDLES, I LOOKED UNEASILY AROUND! THERE WAS A VASE WITH WITHERED FLOWERS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE FADED GHOSTS OF DEAD SUNLIGHT... AND DIRECTLY BELOW..."



"FOUR FEET SEPARATED ME FROM THAT BLACK SANCTUARY... FOUR FEET THAT PLUNGED BEFORE ME IN AN ABYSS OF FEAR!"



"FOR A TERRIFYING INSTANT, I LOOKED DOWN AT THE HIDEOUS, MUMMY-LIKE ASPECT... THE HOLLOW STARE MEETING MINE... THE BLOODLESS LIPS WRITHING INTO A SMILE!"



"...BUT WHAT HAPPENS TO A PALLID FACE AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS... HOW BONY CAN SHRIVELED CHEEKS BECOME... HERE IN THE LONELY REFUGE WHERE NO DISGUISE IS NECESSARY?"

"Then... AS I STAGGERED DIZZILY..."



"A SPLIT SECOND LATER... A GURGLING SCREECH FILLED THE TOMB!"



"AS I DREW BACK, MY TREMBLING HAND REACHING FOR THE CANDLESTICK, I SAW LETHA'S FIGURE DWINDLE... DWINDLE TO WHAT IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A CENTURY AGO!"

"A SKELETON! AND IF I KNEW MY FOLKLORE... IT WILL BE PINNED FOREVER TO THE BOTTOM OF THE COFFIN BY THE STAKE THAT PIERCED ITS HEART!"

"NOTHING COULD FRIGHTEN ME AFTER THIS... NOT EVEN WHEN I STEPPED OUT OF THE TOMB INTO THE MURKY DAWN!"



"I WATCHED THEIR STOOPED FIGURES FADE... MERGING INTO THE CHIPPED OUTLINES OF LEANING HEADSTONES!"



THAT DYING CONVICT STUMBLLED INTO THE HOUSE IN WHICH THEY USED TO LIVE... AND LETHA'S CONTROL OVER THEIR SPIRITS FORCED THEM TO RETURN... WATCHING OVER HIM UNTIL HE DIED, AND SHE COULD CLAIM HIS SOUL!



"I SPOKE ALOUD AS I TURNED FOR A LAST LOOK AT BLACK KNOLL... AND MY LAST WORDS WERE FOR THEM!"

BUT HE'S LETHA'S LAST VICTIM... THIS IS THE LAST NIGHT SHE'LL GO PROWLING THROUGH THE SWAMPLANDS! AMOS CHANEY... SUSANNA CHANEY... CONVICT... AND YOU NAMELESS ONES WHO MADE THE MISTAKE OF POISONING A WITCH... NOW YOU'LL ALL REST IN PEACE IN BLACK KNOLL!

The END.

UNKNOWN GHOST

THE GLOOMY fog swirled in from the sea over the Danish town of Elsinore, and the tongues of mist crept eerily over the ramparts of Kronborg Castle just east of the town. But the mist and the fog didn't seem to perturb the hundreds of illustrious people gathered in the castle's great baronial hall---indeed, all of them welcomed having the whole scene shrouded in the fog's white robes, as if the weather had been made to order for the great play that was about to be presented.

It was truly a great occasion, this 350th anniversary celebration of the writing of *Hamlet*. In 1600, the immortal Shakespeare had penned that great tragedy; and now, in 1950, the play was to be put on at Elsinore, the actual locale of that ghost-ridden drama. The greatest actors and actresses in the English-speaking world were to put on the play, and the most illustrious figures in the dramatic and literary worlds were gathered there to witness it, and to pay homage to Shakespeare.

At last the play opened on the grim, stark battlements of the castle, and when the ghost of Hamlet's father appeared, the entire audience was suddenly stricken with a strange wonderment---and with a touch of spine-chilling fear. Never had a ghost in a play been more ghostly, never had a more fearsome apparition glided upon a stage. Swathed from head to foot in loose, flowing robes, of deathly white, with nothing but a pair of burning eyes glowing uncannily from the depths of the shadowed hood, the ghost seemed to be an actual wraith summoned from the *unknown* to act a part in the play. And even the other members of the acting company had to conceal their awe and astonishment at the wonderfully effective costume which Sir Malcolm Shawcross, the great Shakespearean actor who was portraying the part of the ghost, had managed to get up.

And then, in hollow, sepulchral tones that seemed to emanate from some other,

spectral world, the ghost began to speak the lines from the play:

*"My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting
Flames must render up myself...
I could a tale unfold whose lightest
Word would harrow up thy soul, freeze
Thy young blood, make thy two eyes,
Like stars, start from their spheres..."*

Finally, when the play was over and Hamlet's body had been carried from the scene, thunderous applause broke out from the audience---and the wildest *bravos* were saved for Sir Shawcross, who took his bows as the ghost with such solemn, wraithlike motions that he provoked even more tumultuous applause.

Then, when the curtain rang down for the last time, the players turned to Sir Shawcross to congratulate him on his out-of-this-world performance, but he had somehow managed to slip silently away---almost as if he had vanished into thin air. Smiling at the evidence of the actor's modesty, they hurried to his dressing room in one of the wings of the castle---and there found the limp, unconscious figure of Sir Shawcross lying on the floor, still dressed in the suit in which he had arrived at the castle.

When they finally revived him, Sir Shawcross sat dazedly up, asking, "What happened? The play---is it over? I... I was about to go on stage, it must have been hours ago, when something cold and clammy suddenly struck me from behind---I... I guess I've been unconscious ever since!"

A slow, dawning look of horror grew on the faces of the other actors. "Then... then if you didn't play the part of the ghost," one said quaveringly, "Who did?"

Yes---who?

Beware the Jabberwock!



Everyone's heard of *ALICE IN WONDERLAND* and her remarkable adventures *THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS* -- but who'd ever believe that there was an *ACTUAL* wonderland, a whole new world beyond a mirror? Well, even if *YOU* don't believe it, reader, there *WERE* two boys who *DID* have the faith and the courage to penetrate into that mirror-land -- with all its strange splendors -- and the monstrous dangers of the *UNKNOWN*!

Owen Whitney



HELLO... DOCTOR BANCROFT'S OFFICE? THAT YOU, MARTY? THIS IS BRUCE GODWIN -- LISTEN, I KNOW YOU'RE A DEVILISHLY BUSY PSYCHIATRIST, BUT I'VE GOT TO SEE YOU -- IMMEDIATELY! IT--IT MAY BE A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH! CAN YOU COME TO MY HOUSE RIGHT AWAY?

IF IT'S THAT IMPORTANT, BRUCE, I'LL CANCEL ALL MY APPOINTMENTS! BE THERE IN AN HOUR!



I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU, MARTY! I ... I'M DESPERATE - I MAY BE LOSING MY REASON! I -- I ACTUALLY HOPE I AM -- BECAUSE IF I'M MAD, IT MEANS I DIDN'T REALLY SEE MY SONS DO THAT... THAT FANTASTIC, UTTERLY UNCANNY --

YOUR SONS? BUT I SAW THEM ONLY A YEAR AGO -- WHEN THEY WERE EIGHT! THEY LOOKED PERFECTLY NORMAL THEN -- WHAT'S HAPPENED?

I ... I NEVER DARED TELL THIS WHOLE STORY TO ANYONE BEFORE, MARTY -- BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO! YOU KNOW I'M A PHYSICIST, BUT YOU PROBABLY DON'T KNOW THAT I WAS ASSIGNED TO THE ATOMIC ENERGY PROGRAM IN ITS EARLY DAYS, BACK IN 1940! WE DIDN'T KNOW TOO MUCH THEN, AND THERE WEREN'T TOO MANY SAFEGUARDS ... AND ONE DAY ...



"... AN ACCIDENT HAPPENED, AND IT LEFT ME WITH A PRETTY SEVERE ATOMIC RADIATION BURN!"



"A YEAR LATER, BOBBY AND BILLY WERE BORN -- TWINS! WE THANKED OUR LUCKY STARS THAT THEY SEEMED TO BE PHYSICALLY NORMAL -- BUT WITHIN A SHORT TIME, SOME AMAZING THINGS HAPPENED! PRECOCIOUS IS THE ONLY WORD FOR THEM -- THEY BEGAN WALKING AT EIGHT MONTHS, AND WERE TALKING LIKE ADULTS AT THE AGE OF ONE YEAR!"

WE DON'T WANT TO GO TO BED YET -- WE WANT FATHER TO READ TO US!

YES, READ US THE JABBERWOCKY POEM IN LEWIS CARROLL'S BOOK, "THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS!"



"FORTUNATELY, THERE WERE NO OUTWARD PHYSICAL EFFECTS -- BUT ..."

WE'VE NO WAY OF KNOWING WHAT INTERNAL EFFECT SUCH INTENSE RADIATION MIGHT HAVE HAD ON YOU, MR. GODWIN! IT'S MY DUTY TO WARN YOU THAT STRANGE RESULTS MIGHT EVEN SHOW UP IN YOUR

CHILDREN! IF THE GAMMA RAYS PENETRATED TO THE CHROMOSOMES THAT AFFECT HEREDITY, YOUR CHILDREN MAY TURN OUT TO BE -- ABNORMAL!

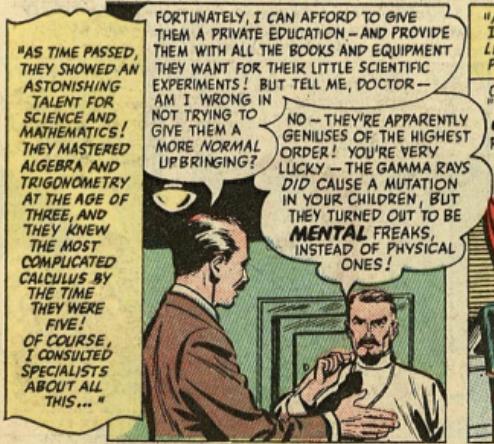
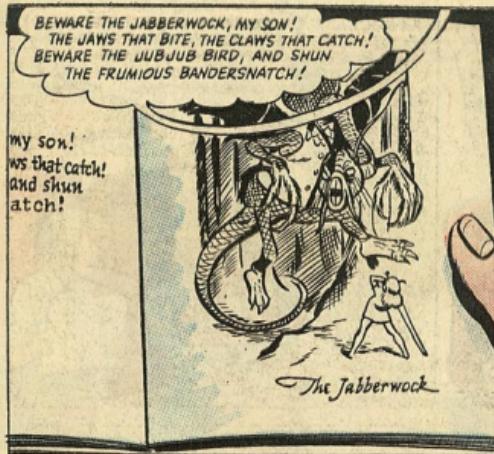
I ... I UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR! BUT MY WIFE AND I BOTH WANT CHILDREN -- WE'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE!



"I WAS AN ARDENT LEWIS CARROLL FAN MYSELF, EVEN A COLLECTOR OF SOME OF HIS FIRST EDITIONS -- AND SO I ALWAYS ENJOYED READING THEIR FAVORITE POEM TO THE KIDS, NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES THEY ASKED ME!"

'TWAS BRILLIG, AND THE SLITHY TOVES DID GYRE AND GIMBLE IN THE WABE; ALL MIMSY WERE THE BOROGROVES, AND THE MOME RATHS OUTGRABE ...





"THEY WORKED MORE AND MORE FEVERISHLY ON THAT FORMULA AS THE WEEKS PASSED -- AND I BEGAN TO THINK THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING TO IT! SO, SECRETLY, I TOOK THE FORMULA AND THE MATH NOTES TO A FAMOUS MATHEMATICIAN... BUT..."

THE FORMULA IS SHEER NONSENSE -- AND THE MATH IS PURE GIBBERISH! THEY'RE AS MEANINGLESS AS LEWIS CARROLL'S VERSE!

HMM .. BUT WHAT IF THE VERSE ISN'T NONSENSE?

"A MONTH PASSED, AND I BEGAN TO HAVE THE UNEASY FEELING THAT THE KIDS WERE BECOMING STRANGERS-- TO ME AND TO THE REAL WORLD-- AS IF THEY ACTUALLY BELONGED TO SOME OTHER WORLD! AND THEY SEEMED TO BE LOOKING FOR THAT OTHER WORLD-- IN ALL THE ODD MIRRORS THEY BEGAN TO MAKE!"

NOPE! THIS LAST ONE ISN'T IT, EITHER-- MY HAND WON'T GO THROUGH IT!

WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP ON TRYING -- I'M SURE WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK! THERE MUST BE JUST ONE MINOR DETAIL THAT'S KEEPING US FROM MAKING IT BRILLIG!

"AND THEN, ABOUT TWO HOURS AGO, WHILE I WAS SITTING RIGHT HERE-- I HEARD A SHOUT FROM THE BOYS' ROOM!"

BOBBY -- WE'VE DONE IT -- THIS IS IT!

I'D BETTER GET UPSTAIRS AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!

"I FOUND MYSELF LOOKING AT THE MOST FANTASTICALLY UNCANNY AND UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT THAT HAD EVER GREETED MORTAL EYES!"

WOW! CARROLL SURE WAS RIGHT WHEN HE WROTE, "TWAS BRILLIG!" COME ON IN AND TAKE A LOOK, BOBBY!

WELL, HURRY UP -- I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

NO, IT... IT ISN'T REAL -- THEY CAN'T BE DISAPPEARING INTO THAT MIRROR!

I... I DIDN'T SEE IT-- I COULDN'T HAVE! IT WAS JUST AN HALLUCINATION-- I'LL CLOSE MY EYES TIGHT, AND WHEN I OPEN THEM AGAIN, THE BOYS'LL BE RIGHT BACK IN THE ROOM-- AND I'LL KNOW I WAS JUST SEEING THINGS!



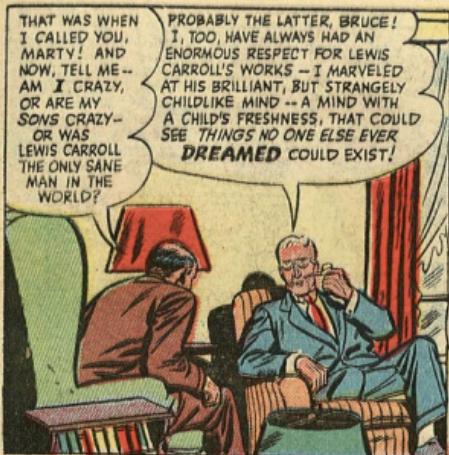
"WHEN I OPENED MY EYES..."

WOW -- WHAT A WORLD! BUT WE DON'T DARE GO TOO FAR IN THERE WITHOUT THE VORPAL SWORD-- ACCORDING TO THE JABBERWOCKY POEM, IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT CAN KILL THE JABBERWOCK!

WELL, WE'VE GOT TWO SWORDS -- AND ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS BEND THE BLADES THE VORPAL WAY, JUST AS IT'S DESCRIBED BY THE AUXILIARY FORMULAS!

LET'S GET RIGHT TO WORK ON 'EM! THEY'RE HERE, BUT... BUT THE WAY THEY'RE TALKING, THEY WERE IN THAT MIRROR! I... I FEEL AS IF I'M GOING MAD! -- I'D BETTER PHONE MARTY!





PROBABLY THE LATTER, BRUCE! I, TOO, HAVE ALWAYS HAD AN ENORMOUS RESPECT FOR LEWIS CARROLL'S WORKS -- I MARVELED AT HIS BRILLIANT, BUT STRANGELY CHILDLIKE MIND -- A MIND WITH A CHILD'S FRESHNESS, THAT COULD SEE THINGS NO ONE ELSE EVER DREAMED COULD EXIST!

IT IS POSSIBLE THAT CARROLL'S MATHEMATICAL GENIUS HELPED HIM DISCOVER STRANGE WORLDS BEHIND THE SURFACE OF A MIRROR! AND PERHAPS HE DID SET DOWN HIS AWFUL SECRET IN HIS NONSENSE VERSE, KNOWING THAT NO ONE WOULD EVER BELIEVE HIM -- BUT HOPIING THAT SOME DAY A CHILD WOULD BE BORN WHO WOULD HAVE THE GENIUS AND THE FAITH TO SEE THE TRUTH BEHIND THE WORDS OF NONSENSE! THAT MAY HAVE BEEN WHY HE WROTE JABBERWOCKY -- TO AID ANYONE WHO TRIED TO FOLLOW IN HIS FOOTSTEPS!



AND, AS THE TWO MEN STEP THROUGH THE MIRROR...

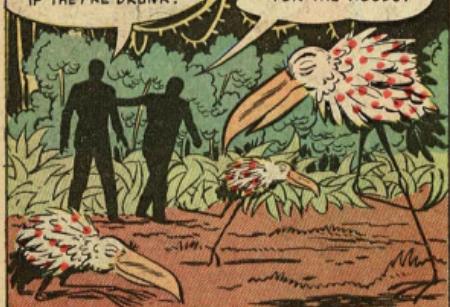
IT... IT'S FANTASTIC--
UNBELIEVABLE!
LOOK AT THOSE ANIMALS
OVER THERE -- THEY
MUST BE THE
"SLITHY TOVES!"

AND... AND THOSE STRANGE
DANCING, WHIRLING MOTIONS
THEY'RE GOING THROUGH... THEY
MUST BE GYRING AND
GIMBLING! AND I GUESS
THIS WEIRD MEADOW
IS THE WABE!



AND THESE CREATURES
MUST BE THE BOROGROVES!
I GUESS MIMSY MUST
MEAN DRUNK WITH DEW--
BECAUSE THEY CERTAINLY
STAGGER AROUND AS
IF THEY'RE DRUNK!

COME ON, MARTY--WE'VE
NO TIME TO DAWdle
WITH THESE FREAKISH
ANIMALS -- WE'VE GOT
TO GET **THOSE KIDS!**
THEY'RE HEADING
FOR THE WOODS!



LET'S HURRY--
HUH?

HA-HA! THAT MUST BE
A MOME RATH... AND
I GUESS OUTGRABING
MEANS DOING THAT
FUNNY LITTLE
SOMERSAULT!



SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE WOODS...

OHHH ...!
... LOOK!

IT'S THE
JABBERWOCK!



CARROLL DESCRIBED IT PERFECTLY--
"THE JABBERWOCK, WITH EYES OF FLAME,
CAME WHIFFLING THROUGH THE TULGEY WOOD,
AND BURBLED AS IT CAME!"

HOW CAN YOU
STAND THERE AND QUOTE
POETRY--WHEN THAT...
THAT **MONSTER** IS
HEADING FOR MY SONS?
**I MUST SAVE
THEM!**



BRUCE -- NO! COME BACK.. STAY AWAY FROM THOSE WOODS! THE JUBJUB BIRD AND THE BANDERSNATCH MIGHT BE IN THERE!



TOO LATE -- IT'S THE JUBJUB BIRD! AND I... I'M POWERLESS TO HELP HIM.. BARE HANDS ARE WORTHLESS AGAINST THOSE CLAWS AND BEAK!

HELP!



AND THEN -- THE FRUMIOUS BANDERSNATCH!

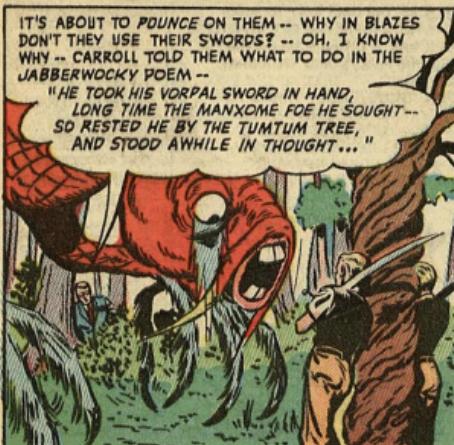


IT -- GOT HIM! POOR BRUCE! AND THE BOYS -- I HOPE THEY HAVEN'T TANGLED WITH THE JABBERWOCK! I'D BETTER -- FOLLOW THEM...



IT'S ABOUT TO POUNCE ON THEM -- WHY IN BLAZES DON'T THEY USE THEIR SWORDS? -- OH, I KNOW WHY -- CARROLL TOLD THEM WHAT TO DO IN THE JABBERWOCKY POEM --

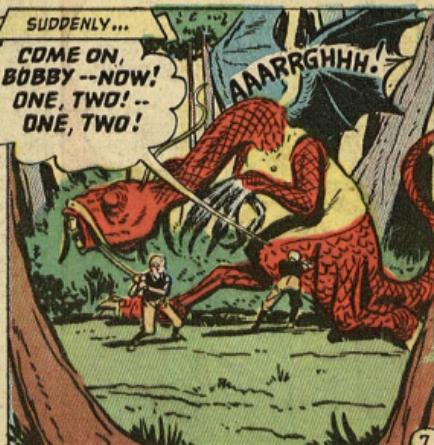
"HE TOOK HIS VORPAL SWORD IN HAND,
LONG TIME THE MANXOME FOE HE SOUGHT--
SO RESTED HE BY THE TUMTUM TREE,
AND STOOD AWHILE IN THOUGHT..."



SUDDENLY...

COME ON,
BOBBY -- NOW!
ONE, TWO!
ONE, TWO!

AAARRGHHH!



JUST THE WAY CARROLL DESCRIBED
THE BATTLE IN THE POEM --

"ONE, TWO! ONE, TWO! AND THROUGH AND THROUGH
THE VORPAL BLADE WENT SNICKER-SNACK!
HE LEFT IT DEAD, AND WITH ITS HEAD
HE WENT GALUMPHING BACK..."



THERE THEY GO -- GALUMPHING BACK!

"AND HAST THOU SLAIN THE JABBERWOCK?...
O FRABJOUS DAY! CALDOH! CALLAY!"



WELL, I GUESS NOTHING CAN HURT THOSE
BOYS IN **THIS** WORLD -- AS LONG AS THEY
HAVE THOSE VORPAL SWORDS! BRUCE WAS
RIGHT WHEN HE SAID THE KIDS WERE STRANGERS
IN THE REAL WORLD -- AS IF THEY BELONGED
TO SOME OTHER WORLD! THEY BELONG
HERE -- IN THE ONLY KIND OF WORLD
THEY CAN POSSIBLY BE HAPPY IN!



YES, THEY **WILL** BE HAPPY HERE -- WITH ALL
THESE WONDERFUL, FROLICKING ANIMALS TO
PLAY WITH! SO LONG, YOU SLITHY TOVES --
GOODBYE, ALL YOU BOROGROVES --
ADIOS, MOME RATHS!



SOMEHOW, I... I HATE TO LEAVE THAT
STRANGE WORLD MYSELF -- **THIS** WORLD
SEEMS DULL AND UGLY COMPARED TO ALL
THE STRANGE WONDERS OF THE WORLD
BEYOND THE BRILLIG MIRROR! BUT I'M
TOO OLD FOR THAT WORLD -- IT'S ONLY
FOR KIDS WHO HAVEN'T YET LOST THEIR
CAPACITY FOR PURE WONDER, WHO CAN
STILL LOOK AT A BLADE OF GRASS WITH
ALL THE FRESH DELIGHT OF
THE INNOCENT!



AND **THIS** IS THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE
SURE THAT NO STUPID, GREEDY, HEARTLESS
ADULT EVER HAS A CHANCE TO INTERFERE
WITH THEIR HAPPINESS AND WITH THAT
WONDERFUL WORLD -- THAT NO ONE EVER
CUTS DOWN THOSE TULGEY WOODS FOR
LUMBER, THAT NO ONE EVER IMPRISONS
A SLITHY TOVE OR A BOROGROVE IN A
CELL-LIKE ZOO -- THAT NO ONE EVER
BOTHERS TWO BOYS WHO HAD THE
FAITH AND THE HEARTS TO FOLLOW
LEWIS CARROLL'S VISION!



"Twas brillig,
and the
slithy toves
Did gyre and
gimble in
the wabe;
All mimsy were
the borogroves,
And the mome
raths outgrabe.

**Beware the
Jabberwock,
my son!...**

--and beware
**THE
UNKNOWN!**

The Lost Soul



"THE POST CARD DIDN'T ARRIVE TILL SEVERAL MONTHS HAD PASSED... AND WHEN IT DID..."

"NEXT NIGHT, I RUSHED TO THE WATERFRONT CAFE... HALF FEARING I KNEW NOT WHAT..."

WHAT A DIVE! NOW IF THAT NOTE'S ON THE LEVEL... THERE'S GEORGE!

Tom... I need... help!
For old time's sake... meet
me... Waterfront Cafe...
George



"SHORT MONTHS AGO, I HAD WAVED GOODBYE TO A MAN IN THE PRIME OF LIFE! NOW... I WAS STARING IN DISMAY AT... THE WRECK OF THAT MAN!"

GEORGE! I SEE YOU... BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

TOM! THANK HEAVEN YOU CAME!

"A MAN ASHEN-FACED, BROKEN, FINISHED IN THE SPACE OF A FEW MONTHS' TIME!"

GEORGE, PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER... I'M HERE TO HELP YOU! TELL ME... WHAT HAPPENED?

I'LL TRY, TOM! IF I CAN... THAT IS, IF IT ALL REALLY HAPPENED!

"WE... MARY AND I... WERE HAPPY AFTER WE REACHED SOUTH AMERICA... FOR A WHILE! THEN MARY FELL ILL... STRANGELY ILL!"

NO USE KIDDING MYSELF ANY LONGER! I'VE GOT TO FACE IT!... IT... IT'S BRAIN FEVER... A RARE CASE... MOST SEVERE I'VE EVER SEEN!

MARY'S SINKING FAST... WHY DON'T I SAY IT... SHE'S DYING! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE HOPE!

MY NEW DRUG! THE CEREBRAL DRUG FOR DISEASES OF THE BRAIN! I'VE USED IT IN THE LAB! NOW I MUST HAVE THE COURAGE TO USE IT... MARY! HEAVEN HELP ME!



"FOR AWHILE, IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE DISEASE WAS ARRESTED! MARY IMPROVED---GREW WELL---"

HERE'S YOUR MEDICINE, DARLING! FEELING BETTER? I BROUGHT TOPAZ IN TO CHEER YOU UP!

"BUT WHY WAS THERE, SUDDENLY, A COLD, BLEAK HORROR IN THE ROOM? WERE THE TWO STARING EYES IN THAT LIFELESS FACE THE EYES OF MY MARY?"

"WHEN I ENTERED THE ROOM IN RESPONSE TO A WILD SHRIEK---"

MARY---IT'S GEORGE! LISTEN TO ME--- YOU'RE LIKE A WOMAN POSSESSED! GO, LINA---THE SENORA IS ILL! I BEG YOU ... FORGIVE HER!

"THE CAT SUPPLIED THE ANSWER TO MY QUESTION! NOW MARY'S EYES WERE BURNING PAST ME---HER ARMS WERE CLAWING FOR THE WILD, FRIGHTENED ANIMAL!"

MARY---STOP IT! PLEASE--- STOP!

"POR DIOS--- SAVE ME---SHE IS MAD! SHE WILL KILL ME ---OR DRIVE ME MAD!"

"MY SWEET, GENTLE MARY WAS ATTACKING THE SERVANT GIRL, HANDS BARED LIKE THE TALONS OF A HAWK!"

"SOMEHOW, I LED MARY BACK TO BED, LOCKED THE DOOR, TIED HER DOWN! HER EYES STARED VACANTLY AHEAD---AND I KNEW ..."

SHE'S RECOVERING PHYSICALLY... BUT DYING MENTALLY! MY DRUG HAS KILLED THE DISEASE IN HER BRAIN ---AND KILLED A PART OF HER BRAIN AS WELL! THE PART WE CALL ... THE SOUL!"

"IT HAD ARRESTED THE DISEASE ---BUT KILLED THE SOUL THAT MADE HER MARY! IN HER BODY WAS A DEVIL---IN SEARCH OF A SOUL!"

"SHE QUIETED HER---PUSHED A NEW FEAR FROM MY MIND! I KNEW MARY WAS GETTING BETTER ---PHYSICALLY! BUT THEN ..."

ARE YOU READY FOR YOUR WALK TODAY, SENORA?

I AM READY! DIABLO---I AM READY ... NOW! COME CLOSER...

I MUST HAVE ... YOUR SOUL! I WILL TEAR IT OUT OF YOU ...

MARY---WHAT'S THE MATTER! MARY!

"**M**Y LOVELY MARY WAS A DEMON WITHOUT CONSCIENCE OR FEAR! I BOUND HER TO HER BED, TENDED HER ALONE... BEHIND LOCKED DOORS..."

WE'RE ALL SAFE--FOR AWHILE! BUT IF SHE EVER ESCAPES...

SEÑOR CHURCH... THE SEÑORA...

SHE IS **GONE!**



"**T**HE STEAMING JUNGLE WAS A SHORT RUN FROM THE HOUSE! I FOLLOWED HER... THE DARKNESS AND DANGER AROUND ME ADDING TO THE SICK FEAR WITHIN ME!"

MARY-- DARLING
--- MARY ---
COME BACK!

MY SOUL... I
MUST FIND...
MY SOUL!
I'LL DO...
ANYTHING
TO GET IT!



"**S**HE'S MAD... A SHE-DEVIL WITHOUT A SOUL! PRAY I CAN GET HER BEFORE IT'S **TOO LATE!**"

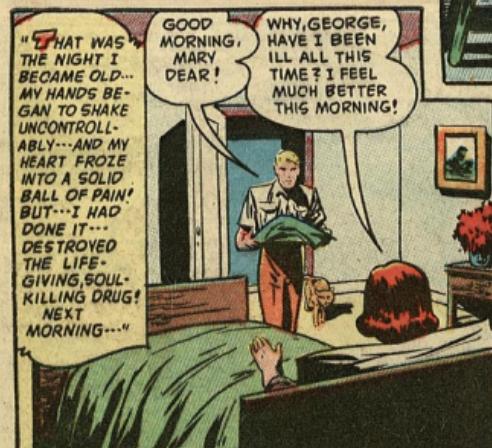


"**F**OR A MOMENT, IN THE DARK UNDERBRUSH, I LOST HER! THEN---THE FETID AIR WAS FILLED WITH A SCREAM OF THE DEEPEST, MOST PRIMEVAL HORROR I HAD EVER HEARD!"



"**S**TUMBLED FORWARD, LUNGS BURSTING WITH TERROR..."







Which of these 2 one time **WEAKLINGS** PAID only a few cents?

to become an

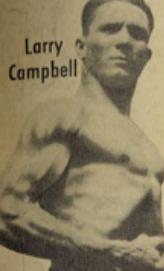
"All-Around" HE-MAN at Home

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

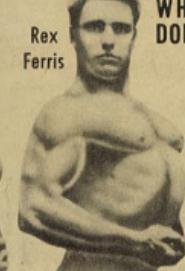
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